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LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.

Continued from page 366.

LETTER X.

The principle of the church's teaching once thoroughly understood, namely, that it is only *through* God, *in* God, and *by means of* God Himself that the saints hear us, or know of our addresses to them, the great difficulty will be overcome, for it can scarcely be doubted by you that it is the will of God that the saints pray for us, and that we should desire their prayers. That God, who is unity, and who has declared by the words of His apostle, the connexion between the various members of Christ's church, to be so close that it can only be compared to the several members of the living body of an individual: "As in one body we have many members so we being many are one body in Christ." Rom. xii. 4, 5. That this God of charitable union who, in our church's language, retained in the Book of Common Prayer, "has knit together his elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of his Son Christ our Lord" (Collect for all Saints) should delight in uniting the members of his great family with each other in one bond of love, his church triumphant with his church militant, by causing them to know each other, and appoint the one branch, the members of the church triumphant, to find a part of their happiness in seeking the good of the other branch, the members of the church militant. And the church militant to remember to reverence, and to desire the aid of their brethren who are where Christ is, is so fully in accordance with all we know of God's goodness even by natural history, that it can only, one would think, be from perverseness, that all christians do not perceive it to be a part of His revealed will. We see throughout the whole of nature how much one series of creatures is aided and kept in existence by another. The union and dependence of each separate kingdom of creation upon the other, bears a striking resemblance to the union formed by God throughout the vast families of his redeemed. The animal tribes depend upon, and often exist wholly, by the vegetable. The vegetable tribes are nourished and kept in existence by the animal, even in their decay. Yet all through God. So you must learn of intercession. You must lay aside the thought that the intercession of Christ's redeemed, interferes with or in any way lessens the mediatorial office of Christ Himself. Christ is alone Mediator of salvation, but as mediators of intercession, we are all united in imitation of our Gracious Leader, whether already brought home to his kingdom or still militant on earth. "The great Captain of Salvation" must Himself bring his "many sons to glory," but they are united under his standard to follow Him, to imitate Him, to join with Him in pleading each for the other.

I have shown you that it is the will of God positively declared, that intercession is necessary to us; and I think you must acknowledge with me, that if the intercession of men equally subject to sin as ourselves has been pleasing to, and commanded by, God, from all antiquity, then the intercession of his "friends" in Heaven dwelling ever in the fruition of His glorious presence, must be much more pleasing to Him and necessary to us, and I think you unite with me in fulfilling the will of God, by desiring this "succour and defence" of God's holy ones, and not only in indirectly desiring it, but in directly asking God to grant it you, as your church teaches you to do. Perhaps I have also lessened your belief in our being idolators, in our direct invocation of saints, by showing you by undeniable proof, that it is virtually God whom we address in all such forms of supplication, knowing as we do beyond all hesitation, that it is God alone who can render his saints conscious of our prayers. You may perhaps say, "I believe God wills that the saints pray for us, and that we should desire their prayers, and ask God to grant us this succour; your explanation too in favour of direct invocation is plausible, but how can I know that God approves these direct addresses to saints?"

As a Protestant, I allow it is difficult to show you how you may ascertain this, because you do not acknowledge one kind of evidence which Catholics appeal to: namely, miracles. Of these

I hope to write very shortly, but at present will only try to lay before you something of another kind of evidence, which your Church does partially acknowledge, namely, an appeal to antiquity, and the example of men, whom you, equally with ourselves, recognise to be Fathers.

The Church triumphant began to be formed at the accomplishment of the work of redemption, when Christ ascended into heaven after he had descended into hell, the resting-place of the departed who had died from the beginning of creation, to release these souls of the just. "Previous to this time the souls of the just who died were in a place where they enjoyed a tranquil repose exempt from suffering, consoled and sustained by the hope of their redemption. It is these souls who waited for Jesus Christ in the bosom of Abraham, and were delivered by Him when He descended into Hell." (Catechism of the Council of Trent.) Then was Heaven opened for the first time. The early martyrs, the writers of the New Testament, with other Apostles, and the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, swelled the glorified multitude, during the remainder of the first century, closed by the death of him, of whom a report had gone out, that that disciple should not die.

We discern the dawn of our Church's teaching at this epoch, now that the Heavenly court is formed of the "ancients," and the "first fruits," the "glorious company of the Apostles," (Te Deum) and "the Woman with whom the Dragon was angry," (Rev. xii. 17.) and the "noble army of martyrs," (Te Deum).

St. John, an exile in the island of Patmos, received from God, about the year 97, "The revelation of Jesus Christ," by which he was to make known to his servants the things which must shortly come to pass. (Rev. i. 1.) And by which he introduces us to the Church triumphant. Standing, like the angel of his prophetic vision, "with his left foot on the earth," and his right upon the threshold of "the gate of one pearl," which he was so soon to enter, he listens to the notes of the heavenly choir, and striking his own mysterious harp, in harmony with the "voice of the great multitude," from among the "voice of many waters, and the voice of great thunders," his ear, become familiar with Heaven's music, seems to discern distinctly "the voice" of each separate "people in Heaven;" and darkly and mystically his song reveals to us something of the character of each class of Heaven's inhabitants. He sings to us of the "ancients," before whom the "hundred-forty-four thousand" sang the "new canticle, harping on their harps;" (Rev. xiv.) the Church of those of the ancient law, "Gedeon, Barac, Sampson, Jephthe, David, Samuel, and the Prophets." (Heb. xi.) He sings to us of the "first fruits," of those whom cruel Herod slew—the holy innnocents, "the harpers who sang the new canticle before the ancients." Those "hundred-forty-four-thousand, who were purchased from among men, the *first fruits* to God and to the Lamb." (Rev. xiv. 2, 3, 4. Epistle for Holy Innocents in Book of Common Prayer.)

> "These on golden wings,
> Their palms and garlands telling plain,
> That they are of the glorious martyr train."
>
> Those who were "Not to be scar'd from that sure rest,
> By frightened mother's shriek, or warrior's waving crest."
>
> *Christian Year.*

Guiding our thoughts ever towards the celestial court, he sings anon of the "glorious company of the Apostles," of the "leaves of the tree" which grew beside "the river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb." The "tree bearing the twelve fruits," and the leaves of which tree were "for the healing of the nations." (Rev. xxii. 1, 2.) The twelve, of whom the dark prophet would so soon complete the number, and who had followed the ancients, "the first fruits," into the "new heaven." Those, whose names would stand foremost in the devotions of the Church as intercessors to the end of time, "yielding their fruits," their prayers, for us to gather. We discern, throughout the Apocalypse, from beneath "the cloud" with which the sacred poet is "clothed," the soft faint light of that aurora, whose day was to shed over the nations these "leaves" of "healing," the balm of consolation, from the "vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints." (Rev. v. 8.) He tunes his harp anew to sing of the "great sign in heaven," the "woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." (Rev. xii.) Time is to pass on, and the "multitude that surrounds the throne," is to increase, we are told, in scattered hints, of "the prayers of ALL saints," (Rev. viii. 3.) of those generous confessors, who succeeded the ages of the martyrs down to our own day. "The smoke of the incense" of whose prayers "ascended up," in the prophet's vision, "before God, from the hand of the angel." (Rev. viii. 4.) Prayers which shall be "offered upon the golden altar, which is before the throne of God," (Rev. viii. 3.) till time shall be no longer.

It would be out of place for me to detain you with numerous quotations from the early Christian writers. I will rather direct your attention to works which are expressly devoted to contain these, and will only give you a very few, to satisfy you that we have these great men as our

examples: St. Ignatius, disciple of St. John, and St. Peter, ordained bishop of Antioch, 68, suffered martyrdom during the third general persecution, 107.

"True Mother of the Saviour, adopted mother of sinners, cradle me in the lap of thy maternal piety."

Of direct invocation we have necessarily very few instances in the very earliest time which succeeded the Apostolic age, because we have almost no devotional works of these ancient saints, but of the honour paid to the memory of the departed saint, we have testimony in proportion to the quantity of writing which remains to us. St. Polycarpe, the disciple of St. John, must be supposed to have adopted and taught the pure lessons of the Evangelical Master, without any admixture of error, and we have this beautiful passage in a letter written by his disciples, the faithful of Smyrna, of which church he was bishop.

"The Jews incited Nicetas to request the proconsul not to give interment to Polycarpe, lest the Christians should forsake the crucified, to honour the body of the blessed martyr. They did not know that we cannot forsake Jesus Christ, who has suffered for the salvation of all men, nor honour another in his place; for we adore him because he is the Son of God. But we regard the martyrs as his disciples and imitators, and we honour them justly, on account of their invincible affection for their master and their king.....

"On our part," they add, after having recounted how they had burned the body of holy Polycarpe, "we gathered up his bones, *more precious than jewels*, and put them in a convenient place, where the Lord will give us grace to assemble, when possible, to celebrate with joy the feast of his martyrdom." You see hence that in these first ages, christians venerated saints to a degree sufficient to cause them to be accused of honouring them even to the forsaking Christ. St. Polycarpe suffered martyrdom 169.

Origen, born 185, thus invokes angels and saints. To his guardian angel: "Come, thou angel, receive him that is changed from his former error, from the doctrine of demons, from loud speaking iniquity, and having received him, soothe him as a kind physician, and instruct him, for he is yet young. And call to thee the associates of thy ministry, that together you may train to the faith all those that have been deceived. For there is greater joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, than upon ninety and nine just."

To saints: "I fall down on my knees, and not presuming on account of my crimes, to present my prayer to God, I will invoke all the saints to my assistance. O, ye saints of heaven, I beseech you, with a sorrow full of sighs and tears, fall at the feet of the Lord of mercies, for me a miserable sinner." Origen died 254.

St. Cyprian, converted 246, bishop of Carthage, begs the prayers of the virgins he was addressing: "Boldly endure, advance in spirit, arrive happily; then remember us, when the single state which you have embraced shall begin to be rewarded."

Eusebius, born about 270, Bishop of Cæsarea: "How well does this apply to the deaths of those friends of God, who are justly called the soldiers of genuine piety. For it is our practice to honour their sepulchres, there to utter our prayers and our vows, and to venerate their blessed souls."

"May we be found worthy by the prayers and intercession of all the saints." Eusebius died towards 338.

St. Athanasius, born about 296. "Hear now, O daughter of David, incline thine ear to our prayers. We raise our cry to thee. Remember us, most holy Virgin, and for the feeble eulogiums we give thee, grant us great gifts from the treasures of thy grace. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Queen and Mother of God, intercede for us." St. Athanasius died 373.

St. Hilary born in the beginning of the fourth century, contemporary with St. Athanasius: "We recollect that there are many spiritual powers who are called angels, or who preside over churches, and as the Lord teaches, the angels of the little ones always see God. According to Raphael, speaking to Tobias, there are angels that serve before the face of God, and who convey to him the prayers of the suppliant. It is not the character of the Deity that stands in need of this intercession, but our infirmity. They are sent for the sake of those who shall inherit salvation: God is not ignorant of any thing we do; but the weakness of men, to supplicate and to obtain, calls for the ministry of spiritual intercession."

St. Cyril, Archbishop of Jerusalem, born 315.

"We next commemorate those who are gone before us; the Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs; begging that through their prayers God would receive their supplications." St. Cyril was also contemporary with the two former.

St. Basil, born 329, Bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia. On the feast of the forty martyrs: "These are they, who, having taken possession of our country, stand as towers against the incursions of the enemy. Here is a ready aid to Christians. Often have you endeavoured, often have you toiled to gain an intercessor. You have now forty all uttering one common prayer. Who is oppressed by care flies to their aid, as does he that prospers: the first to seek deliverance, the second that his good fortune may continue. The

pious mother is found praying for her children, and the wife for the return of the health of her husband. O ye common guardians of the human race, co-operators in our prayers, most powerful messengers, stars of the world, and flowers of churches, let us join our prayers with yours."

St. Ephrem the Syrian. Contemporary with and friend of St. Basil. "Help me, you saints, by your intercession; and you, beloved of God, by your prayers, that Christ, by his grace, may excite my heart to compunction, and enlighten my understanding.

"Mother of my Lord Jesus Christ, receive this my wretched confession.

"O Virgin Lady, Mother of God, most blessed Mother of God, incline thine ear, and hear my words sent forth from unclean and impure lips.

"Entirely renew me (praying to the blessed Virgin), making me a temple of the most holy and life-giving and most excellent Spirit, who dwelt in and overshadowed thy immaculate womb, power from on high."

St. Gregory Nazianzen, also a star of the first magnitude in the great constellations which continued above the horizon during the fourth and part of the fifth centuries.

"August, venerable, all-blessed Virgin! Thou inhabitest the heavenly mansions of the blessed, freed from the incumbrance of mortality, clad in the garment of incorruption, known ever immortal as a Deity. Be kind from above to my addresses." St. Gregory was the intimate friend of St. Basil.

St. Gregory of Nyssa, brother of St. Basil, addresses thus the martyr Theodorus: "Invisible though thou art, come as a friend to those that honour thee, come and behold this solemn feast. We stand in need of many favours: be our envoy for thy country before our common King and Lord."

St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, from about 340 to 397. "The angels who are appointed to be our guardians must be invoked, and the martyrs likewise, whose bodies seem to be a pledge of their patronage. They who in their blood washed away every stain of sin, can implore forgiveness for us; they are our guides, and the beholders of our lives and actions; to them, therefore, we should not blush to have recourse."

St. Ambrose, the reputed author of the Te Deum.

St. John Chrysostome from 344 to 507. In a sermon on the feast of the holy martyrs, SS. Bernice, Prosdoce, and Domnina. "And not only on the day of the feast, but on all other days, let us attend on them, let us entreat them, let us implore them to be our protectors, for they have great freedom of speech, not only when living, but when dead; indeed, much more when dead, for now they bear the marks of Christ—these they show, and are thus able to obtain any thing from the King. Since, therefore, such is their power, and such their friendship with God, let us by constant attendance, and by continual supplication to them, making ourselves their friends, obtain through them the kindness of God."

St. Jerome from about 331 to 420. Author of the Vulgate. "Who at any time adored the martyrs? Who could fancy that a mortal was God? If the Apostles and Martyrs whilst upon earth, and while they must be anxious for themselves, can pray for others, much more will they do it when victory has crowned their triumphs. Moses obtained forgiveness for six hundred thousand men in arms; and Stephen, the true disciple of Christ, and the first martyr, begs forgiveness for his persecutors; and shall their power be less when they are with Christ? The apostle Paul declares, that two hundred three score and sixteen souls sailing with him, were saved by his prayers; but when disolved and with Christ, shall he be silent, and not utter a single word for that world which believed at his preaching?"

St. Augustin, from 354 to 430.

"Jesus Christ the just is our advocate with the Father; he is the propitiation for our sins. Therefore, some one will say: Do not the saints pray for us? Do not bishops and pastors pray for the people? Listen to the Scriptures, and learn that pastors recommend themselves to the prayers of the people."

"Holy and immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, our Saviour Jesus Christ, deign to intercede in my behalf before Him, whose temple thou hast deserved to be. Celestial choirs of angels, archangels, prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, confessors, priests, levites, monks, virgins, and all the just! by Him, who has elected you, and the contemplation of whom, forms your felicity, I presume to beg of you, that you would deign to supplicate God for me a sinner, that I may be freed from the jaws of the devil and eternal death. Let us all implore the patronage of Mary on earth, that she may deign sedulously to commend our prayers in heaven." St. Augustin.

I need not advance farther, the great names I have placed before you are familiar to you as household words, you have already learned to lean upon their opinions; but in the portions of their writings which have been collected for you by English compilers, biographers, and historians, passages such as I have here laid before you now, have been carefully hidden. I am indebted for most of them to a learned bishop of this country, Belgium, and truly they form a continued chain of evidence from the apostles downward, of the

unvarying faith and practice of the Catholic Church, and if you take the trouble to reflect on these extracts, you will not need any farther testimony that the Church teaches in the Spirit of God, and that God approves her teaching in her instruction and encouragement regarding the invocation of saints at the present day. You will scarcely doubt that a Cyprian, a Hilary, a Cyril, a Basil, an Ambrose, a Chrysostome, an Augustin, may be as safely followed in the practice of honouring and invoking saints, as a band of foreign and English innovators, who, because it suited their purpose, raised up the war-cry of idolatry to overthrow and abolish it.

I might advance, it is true, into later ages, when England became renowned for her saints, and show you that a Bede, an Alfred, an Anslem, and a Becket, followed on in the footsteps of these holy Fathers. But to a candid mind, multiplied examples are not necessary. In case, however, you should wish to pursue the subject, I will refer you to a work of which I hear the highest praise, but which I have not myself had the gratification of seeing, "The Faith of Catholics," compiled by the Rev. Jos. Bernigton, and Rev. John Kirk. My teaching has not been from books, but from the daily life of those around me; from witnessing their devotion to their Saviour, their living, moving, and having their very being in Him, God over all blessed for ever; from reflecting that if the Church's teaching regarding the honour to be paid to saints, contributed to produce such steady practices of devotion, it must be both "good and useful."

I have purposely avoided mentioning the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, throughout this series of letters, knowing that the Protestant mind needs gradual preparation for the understanding our feelings, and the right meaning of our practices in regard to the highest and holiest of all saints. My next letter will be devoted exclusively to this subject.

When any one acknowledges a moral governor of the world; perceives that domestic and social relations are perpetually operating, and seem intended to operate, to retain and direct men in the path of duty; and feels that the voice of conscience, the peace of heart which results from a course of virtue, and the consolations of devotion, are ever ready to assume their office, as our guides and aids in the conduct of all our actions; —he will probably be willing to acknowledge also, that the means of a moral government of each individual are not wanting; and will no longer be oppressed or disturbed by the apprehension that the superintendence of the world may be too difficult for its Ruler, and that any of His subjects and servants may be overlooked. He will no more fear that the moral than that the physical laws of God's creation should be forgotten in any particular case: and as he knows that every sparrow which falls to the ground contains in its structure innumerable marks of the Divine care and kindness, he will be persuaded that every man, however apparently humble and insignificant, will have his moral being dealt with according to the laws of God's wisdom and love; will be enlightened, supported, and raised, if he use the appointed means which God's administration of the world of moral light and good offers to his use.

THE IRISH MIDDLEMAN.

Take Abel Richards as a specimen of the class—and, believe us, there have been many worse; a keen, cunning man—a steward's son, inheriting his father's earnings and his mother's vices—crawling about "the big house" with a bland smile, a quick ear, a ready invention — a few pounds ever in his purse — to lend, when profit could be made — to buy, at every seizure for rent, either cow or pig, potatoe or kish, by which he could make a guinea, a shilling, or a penny—a bow and an obliging lie always at the service of his rich neighbour—a blow and a bite for his poor one. Not but that Abel shirked "the ruffian" whenever he could, especially in his latter days; for he was not given to open strife; it did not answer his purpose. He knew that land, "the bit of land," is the peasant's existence; he has, in nine cases out of ten, no regular employment to look to; he must have "the bit of land," no matter what he promises to pay for it; he must have it, or beg and starve. If ejected, he dare not seek for ground elsewhere, for if he eject another holder, his own doom is sealed. Richards knew this; he had grown up in the knowledge, and to the calculations which such knowledge brings: at first he got twenty or thirty acres of land into his possession, which he let, re-let, divided, sub-divided, until it was said he made the district "a place of poverty and potatoe gardens." Then he was only an under "middleman;" the middleman of a middleman, who, perhaps (the case was by no means rare), was a middleman under yet another middleman. The wretched beings who called him "Master Abel" (that was his *first* public step) were subject to have their pig, and their bed, if they had one, "canted" by landlords, one, two, three, or more. But Abel never "got on swimmingly" until he became a convert, turned his back upon his old faith, and adopted a new, under the fostering patronage of Mrs. Spencer. This, for a time, gave him a push, a lift with the gentry. All the ill-will his avarice and cruelty had earned it was very convenient to attribute to "his changed faith." He had been so hated previously, that we may doubt if his "turning coat" increased the ill-will; but he made people believe it did, and managed to obtain a considerable augmentation of land from an absentee landholder, who had some zeal, and much need of money, which Mister Richards did not fail to procure. In due course he made some speeches at meetings in Dublin, which "told" with those who have a sufficient quantity of charity to "know" that all who believe as they believe must be saved, while those who believe otherwise will be—the contrary. While Dean Graves, and other of his acquaintances received his confessions, and ejaculations, and tales of persecutions, with mistrust—in Dublin he dined with titled ladies, learned to eat with a silver fork, obtained various presents of bitterly-worded tracts from those who had the reputation of sanctity among their own "set:" while more timid votaries bestowed on him blue and pink book-markers, embroidered with words, which, strange to say, were at decided variance with their practice—thus a lady would not suffer a "popish" domestic to enter her service, selected the motto, "Charity suffereth long and is kind;" and another, the simple word "peace," worked in *orange* silk, as a token of her hatred of the *green*. At all the little "tea-parties" got up by this mistaken body, Abel Richards was introduced with much ceremony, as "that suffering saint from the south."—*The Whiteboy.*

Meditation is one of our most difficult Christian duties, but, at the same time, it is one of the most important. We can read or hear a dozen of books more easily than we can meditate properly on one; but yet, our inward thoughts are the only tests by which we can know the real state of our minds. Whatever we turn to naturally when alone, is the thing which engrosses most of our regard, and therefore we should often look inwards, to ascertain if our hearts are stored for eternity, and how far they are devoted to the service of God. Religious meditations have been compared to the blossoms on a tree in spring: many of them fall off, come to nothing, and end in vanity; but yet they are the first things in which spiritual-mindedness consists; and there can be no fruit, good or bad, but what proceeds from our thoughts.

THE FORTUNATE SHIPWRECK.

The following story is well calculated to make the ineffable designs of Providence admired by his elect.

Xenophon, a rich and powerful lord of Constantinople, lived, as did his wife Morie, in the exercise of every religious duty. They had two sons, John and Arcade, who were brought up according to the nobility of their birth. Having finished their studies in the liberal arts and polite literature, their parents sent them into Phœnicia to learn jurisprudence. The voyage was at first prosperous; but there soon arose one of those violent storms which often happen in those seas, and which threatened the vessel with destruction: the fury of the storm tore the sails, shivered the masts, and the ship was abandoned to the mercy of the waves. The crew gave themselves up as lost. The two brothers, despairing of their safety, embraced each other as for the last time, uttered their last adieu in deploring their fate, and said, "Alas! what dreadful grief this will cause our parents!" They recommended themselves to God. At that moment the vessel gave a plunge and sunk. John, the elder of the brothers, placed himself on a plank, and gave himself up to the mercy of the waves; the younger, following his brother's example, committed himself also to the waves on another plank, which was their only resource in so dreadful a situation. Their confidence in God was not disappointed: conducted by Providence they landed on the coast of Phœnicia very distant from each other. Each of them was more afflicted for the loss of his brother than elated with his own preservation. John, finding himself on a desert coast, reflected most seriously on the nothingness of this world. "Behold," says he, "the end of earthly felicity! The Lord without doubt has permitted this dreadful catastrophe, to teach me to despise the things of this world: why should I return to possess wealth, which will soon be taken from me? Would it not be wiser in me, to go and throw myself into a monastery, that I may think more of the blessings of eternity? Kneeling down he begged God to bless his intention, conjuring him to inspire his brother with a like resolution, if he were alive. Occupied with these sublime thoughts, he proceeded into the country, conducted by his guardian angel, towards a house of holy monks. He was presented to the abbot, a venerable old man, who received him with kindness, asked him who he was, from whence he came, and what he wanted. "I am a poor pilgrim," he replied, "who have been shipwrecked, and now ask no other happiness than to be received among you. At that modest and humble tone, which breathed something heavenly, the abbot felt moved and inspired by God. He consoled the pilgrim, embraced him tenderly, and received him among his religious. The fate of Arcade, the younger brother, by a special providence of God, was very similar. Thrown upon another coast he immediately returned God thanks in ardent prayer, for having so miraculously preserved him. He recommended his poor brother to God, if he had also had the good fortune to escape the shipwreck. Then deliberating how he should act in his miserable state, he said to himself, "What shall I do? If I return to my parents, what dreadful grief will the sad news be to them! If I remain in this unknown country, it will be to lead a miserable life. Well, my mother has so often praised the solitary life of the hermit, ought I not to embrace it as a sure way to heaven?" He resolved immediately; but before entering upon it he wished to have the consolation of visiting the holy places in Palestine; after which he entered (without knowing it) the same monastery in which his brother had been received. They lived there together unknown to each other, for the monks lived separately and without speaking to one another. The superior alone, to whom they had related their adventures, knew that they were brothers; and for a greater detachment allowed them to remain ignorant of being in the same community. Their parents were in the greatest affliction, and not hearing any tidings of their dear children, sent a messenger into Phœnicia, who, after making every inquiry, and seeking them everywhere, could learn nothing of them, and thought of returning by a different road. Chance, or rather Providence, conducted him into a hotel, where he met one of the servants who had accompanied the brothers in their voyage, and he learnt from him that they had been shipwrecked. Overcome with grief he hesitated whether or not he should return to his master; however, he thought it was his duty to do so, and obey the order he had received. He arrived with grief depicted on his countenance. The mother, impatient to hear the fate of her children, interrogated and demanded from him all he had heard of them. He was unable to answer but by sighs and tears. Being vehemently pressed, he said in sobbing, "Alas! Madam, how can I tell you! Your sons were unfortunately shipwrecked, and perished in the waves." At these words we may easily conceive the sword of grief which pierced the afflicted mother's heart; but as she was full of pious sentiments, she prostrated herself before God, pronouncing these words of holy Job: "God gave them to me, and God has taken them away; blessed be his holy name." Xenophon, her husband, was then at the emperor's court: she sent an express to him, begging him to return to her immediately. It was necessary to reveal discreetly to him the sad news, lest sudden grief should overwhelm him: she began it religiously. "Well, my dear husband," she said to him, "let us adore the designs of God—we have no longer any children—they have been shipwrecked." Grief would not permit her to say more. At these words Xenophon was struck as with a thunderbolt; but a moment after, calling religion to his aid, he offered the sacrifice resignedly, saying, "May God be for ever blessed in all things. My dear wife, the Lord will not leave us helpless in our old age; let us pass this night in prayer, to beg the Father of mercies to make us know the certainty if our sons be really dead, or if by an act of his mercy they have been preserved." They then passed the night in prayer. At last, being overcome by sleep, they both dreamt, that being in Jerusalem they saw their two children full of life, crowned with glory before the throne of Jesus Christ; and communicating their vision to each other, they formed the resolution of going to visit those holy places, hoping to hear some tidings of their dear children. Then taking a great quantity of gold and silver to distribute in alms, they started, and arrived safely in Jerusalem; and after indulging their piety in those holy places, they journeyed on to the borders of the Jordan, to distribute their alms among the monasteries, of which there were a great many in those countries. Presenting themselves to a holy abbot, the very same who had received their sons, and who was immediately filled with a prophetic spirit, called them by their names, saying, "Xenophon and Morie, go confidently and finish your visits and the distribution of your alms. Then return. I hope through God's goodness you will hear news of your sons." They were greatly surprised at hearing themselves called by their names, and infinitely consoled with the hope which was given to them. They finished their visits to the holy monasteries, and returned in haste to the abbot, who received them with kindness, saying, "From the charity you feel for us, I beg of you to give us to-day a small repast. I have two religious who are exhausted by a long fast, and they require relaxation." Before the repast the abbot acquainted the brothers of their relationship, at which no words could express their joy and gladness. The abbot then said to them, "To-day we are to dine with two pilgrims of great note. I re-

commend to you both to appear with the greatest humility and reserve, that they may not be disedified; and whatever your hearts may feel, I absolutely forbid you both to disclose it; I have particular reasons for requiring this of you. In expecting them the pilgrims ordered a suitable repast to be provided, at which they seated themselves. Great austerities had so changed the two religious, that their parents did not know them. During the dinner, where the greatest order was observed, Xenophon said to the abbot, "Father, you gave us hope of hearing news of our children; be pleased to give us that consolation. Ah! how happy they would have been, had their fate been like to these two religious now before us, whose modesty, piety, and good sentiments we admire so much!" The abbot then commanded Arcade to relate the adventures of his life, all that had happened to him, &c. He obeyed, and began thus: "I was born at Constantinople of noble parents. In going to Phœnicia with my brother here," pointing to him, "we were shipwrecked; but by a special protection of providence, placing myself on a plank, a wreck of the vessel, I had the good fortune to land in safety. Disgusted with the things of this world, I embraced this holy state, by which my happiness has been increased, having had the consolation of finding my brother."—"And what was your father's name?" said Morie, eagerly interrupting his narration, and beginning to suspect something. "He was called Xenophon, and my mother's name was Morie." At these words Xenophon could no longer contain himself; almost frantic he cried out in a transport, "Ah! here are my sons!" He rose, embraced them, and bathed them with his tears alternately. They could hardly be separated from his arms: the tender mother nearly fainted through her excess of joy—it would be impossible to describe the various emotions of her heart. They both could hardly believe the reality. With one accord they blessed and praised God a thousand times, adoring his ineffable goodness, and pouring forth their gratitude, which Xenophon and Morie wished to show in a more special manner. From that moment they renounced the world, distributed their wealth among the poor, and each retired to a separate monastery, where they passed their lives, full of virtue and miracles. —The church honours their memory, and has placed them among the number of the saints.

O'BRAZIL, THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

(BY GERALD GRIFFIN.)

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,
A shadowy land has appeared as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it O'Brazil, the Isle of the Blest.
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim,
The beautiful spectre shone lovely and dim:
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away.

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail;
From Ara, the holy,—he twin'd to the west,
For though Ara was holy, O'Brazil was blest.
He heard not the voices that called from the shore,
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar;
Home, kindred, and safety, he left on that day,
And he sped to O'Brazil, away, far away!

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle
O'er the faint rim of distance reflected its smile;
Noon burn'd on the wave, and that shadowy shore,
Seemed lovelily distant and faint as before:
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,
And to Ara, again, he turned timidly back;
Oh! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,
Yet the Isle of the Blest was away, far away.

Rash dreamer, return! Oh ye winds of the main,
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again!
Rash fool! for a vision of fanciful bliss,
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.
The warning of reason was spoken in vain—
He never revisited Ara again.
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,
And he died on the waters, away, far away!

To you, gentle friends, need I pause to reveal
The lessons of prudence my verses conceal;
How the phantom of pleasure, seen distant in youth,
Oft lures the weak heart from the circle of truth—
All lovely it seems, like that shadowy isle,
And the eye of the wisest is caught by its smile;
But, oh! for the heart it has tempted to stray,
From the sweet home of duty, away, far away!

Poor friendless adventurer! vainly might *he*
Look back to green Ara along the wild sea;
But the *wandering heart* has a Guardian above,
Who, though erring, remembers the child of his love.
Oh! who at the proffer of safety would spurn,
When all that he asks, is the will to return—
To follow a phantom from day unto day,
And die in the tempest, away, far away!

L. D. S.

Our existence is dependent on a succession of changes, which are taking place at every moment in ourselves, over which we have no power whatever, but of which each one involves the necessity of the existence, and the superintending power of the Deity. The existence of the whole material universe is of the same nature. Now, each of these changes is, with infinite skill, adapted to the relative conditions of all the beings whom they affect, and they are subjected to laws, which are most evident expressions of Almighty power, of unsearchable wisdom, and exhaustless goodness. Now, were we merely intellectual beings, it would not be possible for us to consider anything more than these laws themselves; but, inasmuch as we are intellectual and also *moral* beings, we are capable not only of considering the laws, but also the attributes, of the Creator from whom such laws are the emanations. As everything which we can know teaches a lesson concerning God; if we connect that lesson with everything we learn, everything will be resplendent with the attributes of Deity. By using, in this manner, the knowledge which is everywhere spread before us, we shall habitually cultivate a devout temper of mind. Thus, "the heavens will declare unto us the glory of God, and the firmament will show His handy-work;" thus, "day unto day will utter speech, and night unto night show forth *knowledge of Him*."

The difference of the degrees in which the individuals of a great community enjoy the good things of life, has been a theme of discontent in all ages; and it is doubtless our paramount duty, in every state of society, to alleviate the pressure of the purely evil part of this distribution, as much as possible, and, by all the means he can devise, secure the lower links in the chain of society from dragging in dishonour and wretchedness.

No. 4.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

F. Th. I shall do it with pleasure. But before entering into the detail and practice of meditation, I think it proper to say a few words about prayer in general, and its value and necessity. By the word prayer we understand an elevation of our mind to God, accompanied, ordinarily, with some expression of our feelings or wishes for some good things, especially spiritual or heavenly ones, that is to say, those which have reference to our eternal welfare.

Eliza. If I asked for some temporal thing would it be a prayer?

F. Th. To be sure it would. Our Lord prayed that his bitter chalice might pass from him; and he has taught us to ask for our daily bread. But we must remark, that to petition for temporal goods is not the chief object of prayer, for it ought always to be accompanied with a disposition to submit to the will of God in case he refuse to grant us the object of our request: whereas, when we ask for heavenly things, there is no need of this, because we are sure that whatever is necessary for our eternal salvation is always in accordance with the divine will. So you may remark, that when our Saviour prayed to his Father on the cross for the pardon of his enemies, he did not add any condition at all, but said, "*Father, forgive them,*" but in the garden of Gethsemane he added a condition, "*if thou pleasest,*" because here he prayed for temporal, and there for eternal goods. Be not anxious for food and raiment, said our Lord, which are the chief objects of the prayers of the heathens; but ask first for the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all other things will be granted to you. He did not absolutely forbid us to ask for temporal things, but only taught us to ask first for heavenly and spiritual ones.

Sophia. What would you think of those who ask for what is wrong and unjust, as some persons do, who, when they have received any injury or insult, go on their knees and ask for the death or damnation of this or that person?

F. Th. You may judge yourselves whether this execrable practice be prayer or not. This is not a prayer, but an insult to the Almighty, deserving of the severest punishment. But these things, nec nomenentur in nobis, let them not be so much as named amongst us.

Lucy. It is quite clear that I should never commit such an abomination, but I have sometimes made useless prayers: for instance, I prayed for health, for riches, for beauty.

Sophia. And for a rich and handsome husband.

F. Th. My dear girls, I would abstain from censuring you, and telling you that you have committed a sin; but in the meantime, let me beg of you not to lose time about these trifles. Whatever we want is contained in the prayer called the Lord's Prayer, or *Our Father:* so that, according to St. Cyprian, to pray well we should never ask for any thing not expressed therein. Now, there is no mention of either riches, beauty, or handsome husbands, &c.

Prayer is twofold: mental and vocal. The former consists in a secret intercourse between our soul and God; the latter, according to the opinion of a very learned man, (Fenelon), is an exterior expression of the interior wishes or feelings of our heart. Hence we may conclude, that where there are no wishes or feelings at all, there is no prayer whatever, although we were to utter parrot-like a great quantity of words the most beautiful and well adapted to express our feelings. If there are no feelings there is no formal expression of them: the words may be a material, but not a formal expression of a feeling: they may be considered rather as lies or hypocritical expressions than prayers. Why do you look so surprised, Sophia? Have you any thing against what I have said?

Sophia. Indeed I have nothing against your doctrine, but, alas, I have a good deal against myself! I do not know whether I have been guilty of this hypocrisy, for I must confess, that very often I am exceedingly distracted whilst I recite my prayers: my mouth pronounces the words, but where my mind is I do not know. I am afraid I am one of those of whom our Lord said in the words of Isaias: "This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

F. Th. Be not so rash I beseech you, in forming this judgment of yourself. I did not say that those who are distracted do not pray; but said only that those do not pray who have no feelings or good wishes in their heart. Now, we may have strong feelings and very good wishes, whilst we cannot avoid distractions. Mark well, I pray, that I did not say, that the imagination only, but the *heart* was far from God. Now, between the heart and the imagination there is a very wide difference, and we must not confound the former with the latter. Distractions in time of prayer cannot, humanly speaking, be avoided at all. The greatest saints have been subject to this weakness as well as we. When St Theresa was requested by her nuns to give some advice for avoiding distractions, she answered: "If I knew any remedy for this I should apply it to my own self; but I know of none for myself, and cannot of course give any to you. The best remedy I am acquainted with is patience, humility, and perseverance in prayer, without being deterred by the wandering of the fancy or imagination." I shall relate to you a little story about this point, which is very amusing, yet not the less instructive. St. Bernard was one day travelling with a poor simple countryman, and because the holy man was exceedingly modest during the journey, he was asked by the countryman why he did not look around at the country. St. Bernard answered that he did so to avoid distractions in time of prayer. Well, said the countryman, when I pray I pray, and when I walk I look about. Have you, then, no distraction in your prayers? None at all, said the countryman. I do not believe it, answered St. Bernard. Now, let me bargain with you; if you can succeed in reciting an Our Father without a distraction, I will give you this mule that I am riding on; but if you cannot succeed, you shall come to Clairvaux, and become a monk. The agreement was made, and the countryman began to recite the Our Father; but after a few words he interrupted it, and said: Pray, father, will you give me the saddle and bridle too? Yes, I should have given you mule, saddle, and bridle; but because you have been distracted you have lost all, and must come with me to Clairvaux, and become a monk. (Great laughter). I told you before that the story was amusing; still it is not less instructive. From it we may learn, that this complaint of distractions in time of prayer is quite general, not only amongst common people, but also amongst saints.

Sophia. Still I find great subject of confusion for myself in this very story, because I find that St. Bernard was always modest, even on his journeys, to avoid superfluous distractions, whilst I cannot refrain from looking at every body, listening to every thing, and even to nonsensical tales. I am not, then, on the same footing with St. Bernard and the other saints.

F. Th. Well, then, let us confess that we are not saints as yet, but with the grace of God we may become so. Let us refrain from unnecessary and idle looks, discourse, &c. Let us endeavour to be as recollected as we can; but, in fine, we shall never be able to avoid distractions.

Lucy. Sometimes I can avoid distractions, but very seldom, and then I am so glad; I believe myself to be a saint, but after a little, alas, I am as dissipated as ever.

F. Th. When you are so well recollected it is a favour which almighty God bestows on you, to stir up your courage, to detach you from earthly pleasure; but this gift is quickly withdrawn, to hinder you from being proud of it. Let us take courage, then; by little and little we shall improve. But let us return to the other branch of prayer, viz., mental prayer.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.—It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hope of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER X.

What, if within His world, His church, our Lord
Have enter'd thee, as in some temple gate,
Where, looking round, each glance might thee afford
Some glorious earnest of thine high estate,
And thou, false heart and frail, hast turn'd from all
To worship Pleasure's shadow on the wall?

Thou who hast deign'd the christian's heart to call
Thy church and shrine; whene'er our rebel will
Would in that chosen house of thine instal
Belial or Mammon, grant us not the ill
We blindly ask: in very love refuse
Whate'er thou know'st our weakness would abuse.

The Christian Year.

We are going to pass over a period of nearly six months, from the time when we left Ethel accompanying Clara to Workingham, and bring her before the reader in her own family. But, before we allow her to speak for herself again, we must say a few words about what had occurred during this time. She had met with a cordial welcome from Mrs. Clonbrony, and had passed a week with her, during which, she witnessed Clara's reception into the Church, and her confirmation. At the end of this time, Ethel became restless and anxious, and felt, that in order to remain in her present religious position, she must get out of the way of Catholics immediately. She was hesitating whether to return to Wilbury, or to go home, when two letters were brought her, which stopped her from doing either. One was from Mrs. Raymond, announcing the startling news, that she *and her husband* were about to be received into the Church very soon, and that both joined in begging her to return to Wilbury as soon as she could. Inclosed with this, was a letter from her sister Adelaide, telling her that the regiment was ordered to A——, and that they were going to leave the barracks immediately, and pay a visit to their relations at Laneham, until their father had found a house for them at A——. Before she had time to come to a decision what she had best do, she was summoned to go with Mrs. Clonbrony to bring Clara back from the convent where she had spent the last week, so important a one to her. In the streets of Workingham, Ethel met Mrs. Walton and Agatha. They were much surprised, and reproached her for not writing. Mrs. Walton was soon satisfied with her reasons for not doing so; and hearing how she was circumstanced, asked her to return with them to Everlegh in the evening, and stay there until her family were settled in their new abode. Ethel was glad of this invitation, and she kept to her appointment at the hotel, where Mrs. Walton's carriage was put up, in spite of all Clara could say to persuade her she was acting uncivilly to Mrs. Clonbrony.

Ethel stayed only a week at Everlegh, and then proceeded to A——. A—— was a large cathedral town; and Laneham was a village within six miles of it. Mrs. Harding's two brothers, Mr. Clayton, and the Rev. Walter Clayton, were respectively lord of the manor, and rector of Laneham. The living was a valuable one, and the rector had married a lady of large fortune, and had only three children. In consequence of this, he considered that he had a right to live in good style. And though, of course, he did not keep up so large an establishment as his brother did, yet the rectory was even more luxuriously furnished than the hall, and Mr. Walter Clayton's dinner parties were considered more recherché than the squire's. His highly connected wife was able to procure a commission in a regiment of hussars for her only son; and her two daughters dressed in a more expensive style than their cousins at the hall. The squire had a large family. His second and third sons were clergymen. One had taken orders avowedly for the sake of a living in his father's gift, and had turned out better than could have been expected from such a beginning. The other belonged to the cathedral. At the time when Ethel appears upon the scene again, she and her sister Adelaide were walking towards the cathedral to attend morning service, as they did most days. Adelaide was just twenty, very like Ethel in appearance, but much handsomer. As the sisters approached the close, yard, or green (whichever it is called at A——), their cousin, the minor Canon, joined them, saying, he had been waiting an age for them. "You ought to be ashamed to own that you have been wasting so much time," said Ethel. "And you, Ethel, deserve a penance for your irreverence to your spiritual pastor," replied her cousin playfully. Ethel shuddered. "Robert, it is awful to hear you trifle with sacred things in that way," she said. His conscience smote him, and he was silent. But it was only a momentary check. Adelaide's presence raised other feelings, and after they had walked a little way in silence, he said laughing, "Ethel, I never would forgive you if you infected Adelaide with your ascetic notions. She and I have no intention of admiring the monastic system, except at a respectful distance." Ethel felt as if a knife had gone through her. Suspicions had often crossed her mind before, that there was something more than cousinly regard between Robert and Adelaide, but she had repelled them instantly; and now she glanced hastily at her sister, hoping to read in her face disgust at Robert's levity. But, alas! the blush which crimsoned Adelaide's cheek, was too evidently no blush of displeasure. Robert laughed triumphantly. "Most austere damsel," he said, "you see there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Besides, were all the saints in the Church that has so bewitched you condemned to single blessedness?" "Your language is most offensive," said Ethel angrily: "good morning to you," she added in the haughtiest manner, as she slackened her pace, and tried to keep Adelaide back. "Ethel," said her cousin, "you have no right to treat me in this way. This passes a joke." "This is no time, or place, or subject, for unseemly jests," replied Ethel warmly. "I am serious in saying, that I will not suffer you to speak either to me, or to my younger sister, in this tone." "Your sister will decide that point for herself," answered Robert proudly; then recovering

his good humour, he added, "Really, Ethel, you are overshooting the mark: I need hardly remind so learned a lady, that the celibacy of the clergy, is a mere matter of discipline, not doctrine. Just recollect your favourite Gregory Nazianzen. Come, don't be so silly, it is time for me to be putting on my surplice." But Ethel stood still, and kept her sister back too. "I will not enter the church with you," she said; "go in by yourself." Robert was quite piqued. "Leave her to herself, Adelaide, till she gets more common sense," he said, taking his younger cousin's hand, and drawing her arm within his own. Adelaide hesitated, but she suffered her hand to remain passively where it was. Ethel saw that, and indignantly turned away, saying, "Adelaide, there is no knowing what judgment you may draw down upon yourselves." Adelaide shrunk back; but her cousin hurried her forward, and they passed through the porch into the nave.

Ethel remained a few seconds to get over her agitation, and then followed them. She found it impossible to help her thoughts from dwelling on the discovery she had just made, and scenes of future woe kept rustling upon her imagination. Ethel would have had a horror of such a marriage, even had there been no other objection besides the relationship. But she had many other reasons for dreading it. Adelaide, when in France, had felt strongly drawn towards Catholicism. On her return, this had been set aside by some Anglican books which fell in her way. After that, when she and Ethel met again, her Catholic feelings revived. She seemed charmed with some of the books Ethel prevailed on her to read; but afterwards, she refused to look at any more, or to hear a word of argument, by the advice of her cousin Robert. Ethel saw clearly now what had acted on her sister's mind, and her disappointment was excessive. It so happened, that the second lesson was the xiv. of St. Luke, and that Robert Clayton had to read it. When he came to the words, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple," Adelaide's tears began to flow. When Ethel saw this sign of her sister's taking these words in their Catholic sense, her hopes began to revive. She hurried Adelaide home before Robert could join them, and exerted all her powers of persuasion to prevent her from giving him any farther encouragement. Setting religion out of the question, Ethel had the strongest objections to an engagement. Robert Clayton was now six-and-twenty. He was very handsome, agreeable in manner, and possessed many amiable qualities, as well as a good share of mental ability. Altogether, he was one of the most popular young men in the neighbourhood. But Ethel saw deeper into his character than most people. He was vain, self-indulgent, and fickle. On leaving college, he had gone straight to a little country curacy, the dulness of which he enlivened by taking a fancy to the daughter of a widow lady of very small fortune living in the village. Before it came to an actual engagement, his father heard of it, and summoned him home. A vacancy occurred at that moment at the cathedral, and Robert was offered the post. He was passionately fond of music and society, and it was an agreeable thing to be within a drive of a home somewhat more luxurious than his village lodgings. That was temptation enough to make him give up both the young lady and his rustic flock, after a little sentimental hesitation. Not long after, Ethel came to stay at Laneham, and Robert tried to get up a romance with her. This she very soon put a decided stop to; they continued friends though, and Robert always stood in more awe of Ethel, than of any one else: in spite of his affecting to ridicule her enthusiastic notions, Ethel had only recently heard of his conduct to the widow's daughter; but she had read his fickle character truly from the beginning. So that it is not surprising that she should have made the strongest efforts to prevent Adelaide from having any more to do with him. She knew they could not marry, without extreme imprudence, till he got a living, and he might have years to wait for one. After some deliberation, Ethel resolved to tell Adelaide all she knew of Robert. But the warning came too late. Adelaide's heart was no longer in her own keeping, and Ethel's information, as well as her advice, was ill received. A formal engagement was entered into, with the approbation of both families; and Ethel had the mortification of seeing her favourite sister give herself up to an attachment, which seemed to absorb her whole being, and to render her indifferent to every thing else. Another source of grief soon arrived, in her perceiving that Adelaide could not forgive the low opinion she had expressed of her cousin; and besides that, that her sister's mind was disturbed by a secret jealousy of the influence she saw that Ethel still retained over Robert, which was merely the result of his respect for her energetic mind and character, and nothing Adelaide need have troubled about. Poor Adelaide was of a self-tormenting disposition. She had a good deal of natural talent, but she was thoroughly indolent both in body and mind. She was the beauty and the pet of the family. As lively and affectionate as she was gentle and retiring: no one could help loving her; and she had, besides, a claim to attention, in being rather delicate in health. They all waited upon her, and thought for her, and invented excuses for her indolence and carelessness, and made her utterly helpless. Up to this period Adelaide's life had been a summer's day, and this circumstance had at the same time fostered and concealed a morbid sensitiveness, which Ethel was not blind to.

Ethel had no sympathy with either of her other sisters. The eldest had married young, and gone out to India. Emma was a most matter-of-fact person, inclining to the evangelical views. And the youngest sister was a vain, giddy, empty-headed girl, who had brought home nothing from school, but a passion for dress, and frivolity of every kind. It was a sore trial to Ethel, to see her favourite sister's feelings gradually changing towards her. She felt it less, however, from the circumstance of her mind being intensely occupied with religious subjects. Every day seemed to bring her fresh proofs of the deceitful-

ness of the show of life which the Oxford movement at first seemed to infuse into the dead body of Anglicanism. The state of things at A——, and all round it, was as bad as it could well be. In the town, that party which has been aptly named "the high-and-dry," was supposed to predominate, as it generally does in cathedral towns. The original Oxford party, that is, those who hold the views with which the Tractarians *started* (and which are certainly the most consistent with the Prayer-Book, and the greater number of the standard divines of the Church of England), had, however, made great progress, and seemed likely to eject "high-and-dry" principles from the dignified shelter they had so long enjoyed in the prebendal stalls at A——. Among the younger clergy, the most earnest and exemplary held the extreme Oxford views, now represented by the publications which issue from Toovey's house. The evangelical party mustered pretty strong in A——, though it was nothing like what it is in watering-places. There were two pulpits belonging to the establishment, which professed to be the only ones in A—— from which "the gospel" was preached. The minister of one of these had given lectures on the errors of Popery and Puseyism, distinguished by that strange ignorance of the subjects under discussion, for which the ultra Protestant party is remarkable. This attack had the usual result of such attacks upon the Church built upon a rock. People were set thinking on subjects that had never interested them before. The Lent lectures at the little Catholic chapel in A——, were attended by many Protestants, and several conversions were the consequence. This was attributed by the ultra Protestants, to the Puseyite poison infused into the sermons at the cathedral, and some other churches in A——. The congregation in one church rebelled against the innovations of a new curate, and made complaints to the bishop. A protracted correspondence, published in the papers, ensued, and the affair ended in the dismissal of the curate by a non-resident rector of the high-and-dry school, who put in a new curate, with express orders to restore peace and the black gown. In the country things were no better. An evangelical rector in one village, warned his congregation against the frightful error of baptismal regeneration; and in the next parish, a hot-headed, ignorant young man, who had suddenly adopted high-church views, refused to bury persons baptised by dissenters, and actually re-baptised a child who had received that sacrament at the hands of a Catholic priest, for which he was rebuked by his archdeacon. Robert Clayton's clerical brother had a living not many miles from A——, and he had taken up high-church views, so far as to decorate his church, and have the school children taught to chant the Gregorian tones. But this did not prevent his continuing to hunt and dance as much as ever. The chief person in his parish, was a most Protestant retired grocer, with a wife equal to Mrs. Varden, and a tribe of daughters vehemently evangelical. They deserted the parish church altogether, and attended one at a considerable distance; the rector of the adjoining parish being a stronger Puseyite than their own pastor. This gentleman was a member of the Camden Society, and had restored his fine old church at a great expense. The poor people had been at first much pleased with the alterations (there is a Catholic instinct about rustic congregations when they are let alone); but the ladies from Mr. Charles Clayton's parish managed to rouse up the dormant puritanism of one of the principle farmers, and the whole place was soon in an uproar. The rector was not to be intimidated into the slightest concession; and the end of it all was, that the farmer turned dissenter, and built a little hideous conventicle in sight of the rectory windows, and hired a room for a dissenting school in the village. Laneham was not without its troubles. The rector had been very much tormented by a radical manufacturer, who had built a house and factory in a hamlet belonging to Laneham, and had established a socinian meeting-house and school there; and what was still worse in Mr. Clayton's eyes, a Mechanics' Institute, and debating club for political discussion and free inquiry, at which chartists, socialists, and infidels had been allowed to speak. This Reformation was carried on so quickly, that the "high-and-dry" rector stood aghast at the rapidity of his neighbour's movements Before he had time to look round, there was a whole colony of socinians and radicals in his parish; and all he got by going down to reason with some of the converts was, a lecture on "the spirit of the age." The rector drew back in despair, but after a while he engaged a young curate fresh from Oxford, who had far better success, and succeeded in bringing back many of the converts, as well as in rousing an attachment to church principles in the parish. But poor Mr. Clayton soon found he had got from the frying-pan into the fire. His valuable painstaking, and deservedly popular curate, was perceived to be progressing rapidly from Tractarianism to "*Romanism:*" and to the consternation of the whole parish, he had just gone off to college, to be received into the Church. The school-master, one of the boys, and the daughter of a rich farmer, who had entered warmly into the curate's new views, were talking of following his example. This cured Mr. Clayton of his leaning to the Oxford party, and he became more "high-and-dry" than ever. It may be supposed all this was not without its influence on Ethel, and she grew every day more anxious and restless.

One evening, after a family dinner party at Colonel Harding's, the young ladies proposed practising the polka in the drawing-room, as soon as the gentlemen came up. Ethel had felt very much depressed all day, and now the dancing was more than she could bear; especially when she saw her two clerical cousins, and a young clergyman from the cathedral, (Robert's particular friend), as full of the polka mania as her youngest sister. She felt ashamed of belonging to a Church, which suffers such gross violations of decorum to pass unchecked, whilst it sternly crushes earnestness, and self-devotion, and high aspirations, as worthless, or even dangerous. Ethel made her escape, and putting on her bonnet, went out of the house. On her way to a green hill

at the end of the town, she passed the Catholic chapel. The door was open, and she entered: she beheld more than twenty people in different parts of the chapel, and several kneeling at the altar rails. There was no service going on; but the ever-burning light of the sanctuary lamp, told her that the Lord of the temple was present. She knelt down and adored the blessed sacrament. After some time, she looked up. The most perfect stillness and silence reigned in the chapel. At length the sacristy door opened, and a young lady glided out and knelt at the altar rails, whilst a poor old man, who had been kneeling on the ground near the door, passed into the sacristy. Ethel guessed rightly, that it was an evening for hearing confessions. She felt a sudden inclination to enter in her turn; but then came the thought of her resolution, to let nothing tempt her to desert the path Mr. Temple had marked out for her; which was, to test her convictions by waiting a year. After a prayer for direction, sadly and slowly she returned home. The next day's post brought her a foreign letter. The well-known hand made her heart bound with joy; but the next instant she felt afraid to open it, lest it should contain a severe rebuke for a very impatient repining letter she had sent to Mr. Temple some time back. She had tormented herself for weeks at getting no answer, sometimes accusing him of unkindness, at other times fearing he was ill. She broke the seal with a trembling hand, but all her fears were turned into joy by the contents. Mr. Temple dated from Belgium, and announced to her, that he had just been received into the Church, and hoped she would soon follow his example. She wrote instantly to Mrs. Raymond, and informed her friends of her intention of making her abjuration immediately. She had some opposition to go through, but she gained her point, and was allowed to set off peaceably for Wilbury Court, in a few days time, where she was joyfully welcomed by both Mr. and Mrs. Raymond.

(To be continued.)

Two great branches of amiable conduct are, mildness in bearing injuries, and bounty in relieving necessities: one of them expressly made the condition of our being forgiven; the other the foundation of our being rewarded. But to these we must add every other act of a generous and disinterested, a candid and sympathizing heart; every instance of gentleness to the faults, and condescension to the weaknesses of men; moderation and humility in advantageous circumstances, and patient composedness in low and afflicted ones; every ornamental, as well as more substantial, duty of life; affability of conversation, obliging attentions, kind compliances; whatever will make our common journey through the world mutually comfortable and pleasing, without making it dangerous; and exhibit religion in its native cheerfulness, as a reasonable service paid to an infinitely good Being. For all these things constitute a much more valuable part of Christian practice, than many seem to be aware of. Indeed, piety and virtue, however unpolished, deserve high esteem; and it would be a most unhappy mistake, to prefer superficial accomplishments before intrinsic worth. But still, both religion and morals, disguised under a forbidding look, appear so much less to advantage, than when they wear an inviting one; that we wrong our profession, as well as ourselves, if we neglect to show it in as much beauty as a modest simplicity will permit; and thus to *adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.*

He who useless is in life surveyed,
Burdens that world his duty bids him aid.

BOUILLON, THE COMMON SOUP OF FRANCE.

This soup, or *broth*, as we should perhaps designate it in England, is made once or twice in the week, in every family of respectability in France; and by the poorer classes as often as their means will enable them to substitute it for the vegetable or *maigre* soups, on which they are more commonly obliged to subsist. It is served usually, on the first day, with slices of untoasted bread soaked in it; on the second, it is generally varied with vermicelli, rice, or semoulia. The ingredients are, of course, often otherwise proportioned than as we have given them, and more or less meat is allowed, according to the taste or circumstances of the persons for whom the bouillon is prepared; but the process of making it is always the same, and is thus described (rather learnedly) by one of the most skilful cooks in Europe:—"The stock-pot of the French artizan," says Monsieur Caréme, "supplies his principle nourishment; and it is thus managed by his wife, who, without the slightest knowledge of chemistry, conducts the process in a truly scientific manner. She first lays the meat into her earthen stock-pot, and pours cold water into it in the proportion of about two quarts to three pounds of the beef; she then places it by the side of the fire, where it slowly becomes hot; and as it does so the heat enlarges the fibre of the meat, dissolves the gelatinous substances which it contains, allows the albumen (or the muscular part which produces the scum) to disengage itself, and rise to the surface, and the *ozmazome (which is the most savoury part of the meat)* to be diffused through the broth. Thus, from the simple circumstance of boiling it in the gentlest manner, a relishing and nutritious soup will be obtained, and a dish of tender and palatable meat; but if the pot be placed and kept over a quick fire, the *albumen* will coagulate, harden the meat, prevent the water from penetrating it, and the *ozmazome* from disengaging itself; the result will be a broth without flavour or goodness, and a tough, dry bit of meat."—*Miss Acton's Modern Cookery*

HYMN.

Ye in the house of heavenly morn,
Attune your golden hymns for ever;
While we, besides Time's lonely river,
Have hung our tuneless harps forlorn,
And, exiled from our country, mourn.

When shall the soul put forth her flight,
Escaped from her earthly prison,
'Mid your glad choirs in glory risen,
See Truth in her own fountain bright,
And have her dwelling in the light?

From her the mists shall then be gone,
When, without cloud and without motion,
She stands beside the crystal ocean,
Which is before the Eternal's throne;
And we shall know as we are known.

Safe in your heavenly haven, ye
Behold us on the stormy billow;
Nought but the rude wave for our pillow.
Christ, lead us to that port to Thee,
Thou Star that light'st eternity.

To Him from whom all blessings flow,
To Father, Son, in earth, in heaven,
And unto Him be glory given,
Who doth with light the Spirit sow,
And kindle heavenly seed below.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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